

OPPORTUNITY

I know not what the future holds—
But this I know,
Youth is a guest, who on his way
Too soon will go.

Once gone we call to deafened ears,
All prayers are vain!
For tears of blood, he will not come
Back once again.

Then spread the board of Life, with wine
And roses dress,
Drink deep and long, great Joy and Love
While Youth is guest!

Goldenhair

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

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Leslie was very glad to be home. She left the elevator with a buoyant step, opened the door to the studio suite, and breathed a sigh of supreme happiness. Home was home after all.

It was a warm Indian summer night. She decided not to light the gas. The view of the city was too entralling at that late hour to spoil. She threw her cloak and hat on the hall settle, and went on into the reception room.

Yes, it was just as she had left it, two months before. The janitor's wife had been up and cleaned for her, and left the windows open, she noticed. The couch was not in its usual place. She turned around and nearly fell over a chair placed at a new angle, laughed, and dropped down on the couch.

"Just for a minute's rest," she told herself, after the long day of travel, and even with that thought weighing on her, she fell asleep, exhausted but happy.

The closing of the outer door was what awakened her. She heard it far off in her dreams, and wakened listening. Steps sounded through the hall, quiet, rather slow, but steps. As she propped herself on one elbow, and looked cautiously out beyond the hangings at the arch, she saw the figure of a man outlined distinctly against the half light. He was tall and young, she could tell that much even as she stood with averted face before the dining-room door. He entered the inner room, after a pause, and she caught the scratch of a match. It was a daring burglar. More, he was whistling softly under his breath as he moved about.

Leslie rose determinedly. Packed under the sideboard was a full tea set of silver, and various precious family odds and ends that she had taken from the family home in Vermont to brighten her city abode. They should not fall into the sack of any Raffles if she could save them.

"What are you doing here?" He turned at her voice. It was a trifle shaky, but determined. Her wayward hair was rumpled, her cheeks flushed from her short sleep and her blue eyes very wide and startlingly bright. She was figuring the distance to the telephone in the hall even while she watched him.

Yet his answer was an old one, and most touching in his simplicity.

"I'm hungry," he said, gently.

"Oh, you poor fellow," she exclaimed before she thought. "Can't you find any employment at all? Do you have to follow this life? You don't look—that kind."

"It's a bully of you to say so," he returned warmly, hands in pockets, leaning across the table toward her, with eyes full of frank admiration. "I'm awfully hungry, don't you know?"

"And there isn't a thing to eat in the icebox. I've been away for two months."

"I know it."

"And you thought I was still absent," she flashed back. "Please don't think I'm nervous. I'm not a bit, but won't you take your hands out of your pockets? I keep thinking you are going to leap at me—and brass knuckle me."

"By Jove, I'm sorry." His hands came from his pockets instantly. "Honestly, I haven't anything desperate on me."

"Haven't you? Because you didn't expect to meet anyone, I suppose. Can't we compromise? Truly, I'm shivering with cold. I never even saw a burglar before. Couldn't you take what cash I have on hand—its about twenty dollars, I think—and call it off? That would get you something to eat, and grubstake you to the town, so to speak."

The two faced each other, the broad dining table between them. He looked straight into her eyes until the gaze wavered and drooped.

"You're the pluckiest girl I ever saw," he said, fervently. "I didn't tell you at first because it was such a rilling joke, you know, but you're in the wrong apartment."

"I am?" gasped Leslie. "Why, no, I'm not. I've been sleeping on the couch in there—"

"It is my couch," he murmured happily. "I'm glad you slept on it, Gold-

hair. Did you also drink from my bowl, and eat from my table, and sit in the little bear's chair?"

"Isn't this number twelve?"

"It is number twenty-two, directly above number twelve."

"But the pass key fitted the lock."

"They usually do fit all locks. Please don't be disturbed. I'm awfully glad you came in. If you had opened the icebox you would have found something to eat, honestly. I packed away a couple of lobsters against this fatal hour of eleven myself, and there's salad stuff to fix it up, or we can broil them. I only came in ahead of the crowd to start things going. We've all been spending the evening at friends' on the square, and now we're going to have a chaffing dish feast. Won't you stay, Goldenhair? There are some bully sisters and cousins and aunts in the crowd, and we won't bite you."

"You're the boy who builds things." She felt bewildered, but vaguely recalled hearing that young Pomeroy Seward was her distinguished neighbor. Seward who at twenty-eight had won more awards and architectural prize contracts than any other man of his age in New York. And she had entered his studio, slept on his couch, and been on the point of arresting him as a burglar, or rather phoning for the police to do it. She felt panic-stricken, and looked around helplessly.

"You can't jump through the window, Goldenhair," he reminded her gently. "We're five stories up. Better stay."

"I'm so sorry, and ashamed of my stupidity," she began.

"Please don't. He leaned over and took her hands. "I've been wanting to know you for months, and this is a gift from heaven. I'm so glad your key fitted."

A ring came from the front door. He opened the dining room window.

"How about the fire escape? Then I can tactfully suggest calling on you in a few moments, and inviting you up to the lobsterfest? I'll help you down."

Out of the window she climbed, laughing, flushing, and trembling too, but he went first down the steps, and led her to her own window.

"I'm afraid it's fastened," she whispered.

"No, it's not. The window cleaners were here today. In you go." He hesitated a moment, and pressed the hand she held.

"Good night, Goldenhair. I'll be down the other way in five minutes. Wasn't I a good bear?"

"You must have been," she laughed, "for I am coming back again."

Explanation of Spontaneous Wound.

Dr. Y. Tanaka describes a form of wound which occurs spontaneously and is frequently seen in Japan, the so-called *Kamitachi* disease. The wound suddenly occurs—apparently without rhyme or reason, as it were—and is exactly identical in appearance with a tear of the soft parts; in shape it is somewhat crescentic. Usually it appears in one of the lower limbs, sometimes on the face. The injury materializes during thunder storms in explanation the author points out, through a note in the British Medical Journal, that, as is known by meteorologists, during thunder storms a temporary vacuum may occur in places as a result of stray air currents; and if a part of the body comes into such a space a tear may result from the internal pressure unmodified by the action of external pressure. "The cases usually occur in outlying mountain districts, rich in trees and streams; and it is in just such districts that in a thunder storm atmospheric conditions can most readily produce a vacuum of the kind described."

Perils of the Theater.
"What do you think about this 'ere Monna Lisa bein' stolen?"
"Ah! These actresses be allus gettin' into trouble."—M. A. P.

The Offender.
"Do cigarettes annoy you, Miss Kean?"
"Not at all. It's the fellows who smoke them that I can't stand for."

Jet Hair Ornament



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

JET is the vogue this fall on gown trappings and hats, and for the hair. To a blonde there is nothing more in contrast, or more becoming, than a brilliant jet hair ornament. It is the crowning success of any costume.

HAVE A SYSTEM IN MENDING COATS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

Will Save Much Time and Trouble, and Garments Will Be in Order When Required.

There is nothing on earth like system, and nowhere do you realize this more than in matters of dress. The tiny hole in your stocking that you might have mended in two minutes grows into an undamnable "run," the rip under the arm in your new blouse extends alarmingly; nothing that must be mended stays "where it is put." The remedy for all this is a regular mending day or a regular mending evening if you are a business woman. As soon as a garment needs mending if it be only a button or a hook that must be replaced, put it aside unless it is so necessary that you must attend to the trouble at once, and when mending day rolls around do the required sewing. You will be surprised to find how much lighter your work becomes when you can thus catch rents and tears at their start instead of at their disastrous finish. The other point to remember is to always have your sewing implements where you can get them and in perfect order. Do not wait until the very moment for mending to find that you are out of white thread or that your needles are rusty. When a thing needs repairing, repair it; when it needs replacing, replace it. It might even be well to have a "preparation" day to antedate the mending one.

SERGE COSTUME



Light gray serge is used for the costume we show here. The skirt has an added piece at lower part of sides and back, which is piped at top with silk of a little darker shade; the buttons are covered with the same silk. The coat has an added piece to match the skirt. The right front wraps over in a point and is fixed with press studs; the cord ornaments being for trim only. Gray Tagal hat, trimmed with cerise ribbon.

Normandy Needle.

A special needle, called a Normandy needle, is necessary for one of the new kinds of hand work—punch, it is called—used on table linen or gowns. The needle, being large, pushes the threads to one side, much the same as in the Bermuda fagoting. The pattern in this way, is worked out in a series of holes. The Greeks have long done work of this sort on hand woven linen, which is most beautiful. Punch embroidery is effective, too, on marquisette, chiffon or voile.

Silk Stockings.

First, buy them large, maybe a full size, larger than you may wear in a cotton or lisle stocking; next, darn loosely the heel and toe and places for garter catches—all before wearing the stockings. This prevents holes from appearing in heel and toe and the knee from having "runners." Rinse out in cold water after each wearing and the stocking will last two or three times longer than when these precautions are not taken.—L. S. W., in Harper's Weekly.

Novel Emery Bags.

That useful little article of the sewing and embroidery bag which first appeared in the strawberry form can be bought at up-to-date counters in several other shapes, among them being the thornberry, grape and chestnut. By this it can be seen that almost any bag, no matter how elaborate the basket, no matter how expensive, can have an emery bag to match it. A needle worked through this tiny object will have many minutes of vexatious endeavor in drawing the needle through the obstreperous silks and the thicker linens. Many bags have a complement of the whole gamut.

New Ideas in Negligees.

Fashion's latest decree is to use two thicknesses of mesaline or thin silk, white for the outside and a delicate color underneath. They are separately made and are only caught together at the hems.

They are elusive in their shadings and are trimmed with five ruffles of five-inch footing. The neck is pointed in the front and the back. The sleeves are rather loose and ruffled from the elbow to the shoulder with the footing. From the point at the back of the neck there is a square bow of the silk edged with footing. Leaf green under white makes an exquisite combination.

Mad About It.
"Binks is just crazy about being up-to-date."
"How does he show it?"
"He is trying to get his parrot a wireless cage."

It is much easier for us to forgive some one for being an enemy to our friend, than for being a friend to our enemy.

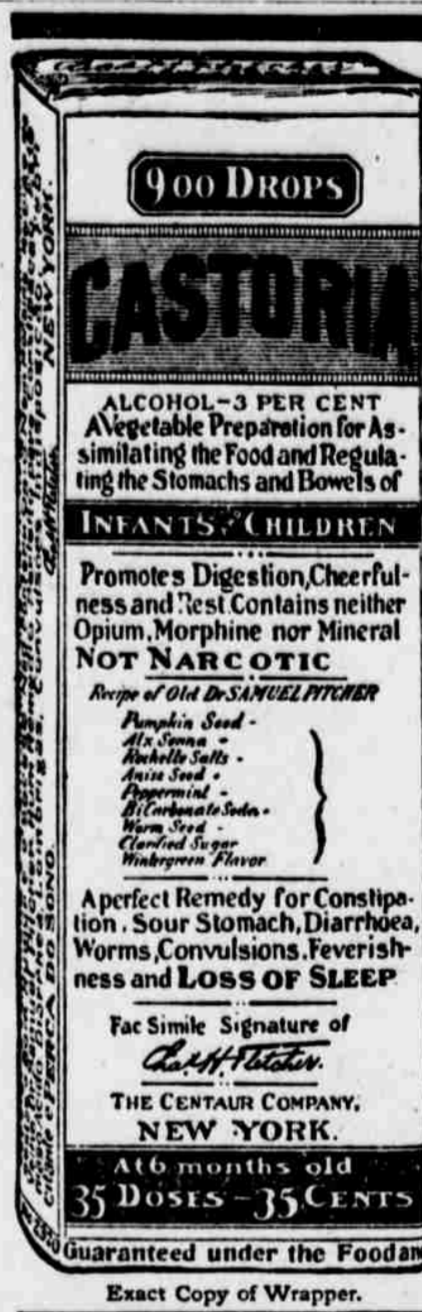
Many a man who claims to be as honest as the day is long wouldn't want the searchlight turned on his night record.

Could Hardly Hear

Senses of Taste and Smell Were Also Greatly Impaired.

"I was afflicted with catarrh," writes Eugene Forbe, Lebanon, Kansas. "I took several different medicines, giving each a fair trial, but grew worse until I could hardly hear, taste or smell. I was about to give up in despair, but concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking three bottles of this medicine I was cured, and have not had any return of the disease."

Hood's Sarsaparilla effects radical and permanent cures of catarrh. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called *Saratabs*.



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Death Bed Jest.

Among what may be called death-bed jests, that of the Rev. James Guthrie of Stirling, one of the Covenanters, deserves a high place. Lord Guthrie recalls the story in "From a Northern Window." Mr. Guthrie was executed at the Cross in the High Street, Edinburgh. The night before he asked for cheese for supper. His friends wondered, for the physicians had forbidden him to eat cheese. But he said, with a smile, "I am now beyond the hazard of all earthly diseases."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Wasted Blessings.

Aunty (just arrived)—Bless your sweet heart!
Marie—You needn't waste any of your blessings on him, aunty.
Aunty—Him? Who?
Marie—My former sweetheart. We're mad at each other now.—Judge.

Pain and Swelling seldom indicate internal organic trouble. They are usually the result of local cold or inflammation which can be quickly removed by Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

A man has reached the age of discretion when he is willing to admit that other men may have opinions different from his without being fools.

CHRISTMAS POST CARDS FREE
Send to stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Christmas and New Year Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 211 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas.

People who take the will for the deed never break into the millionaire class.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A practical joke is never what it's cracked up to be.



Faint?

Have you weak heart, dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals? Or do you experience pain over the heart, shortness of breath on going up-stairs and the many distressing symptoms which indicate poor circulation and bad blood? A heart tonic, blood and body-builder that has stood the test of over 40 years of cures is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

The heart becomes regular as clock-work. The red blood corpuscles are increased in number—and the nerves in turn are well fed. The arteries are filled with good rich blood. That is why nervous debility, irritability, fainting spells, disappear and are overcome by this alternative extract of medicinal roots put up by Dr. Pierce without the use of alcohol. Ask your neighbor. Many have been cured of scrofulous conditions, ulcers, "fever-sores," white swellings, etc., by taking Dr. Pierce's Discovery. Just the refreshing and vitalizing tonic needed for excessive tissue waste, in convalescence from fevers or run-down, anemic, thin-blooded people. Stick to this safe and sane remedy and refuse all "just as good" kinds offered by the dealer who is looking for a larger profit. Nothing will do you half as much good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

RAW FURS—HIDES

Don't put your money and labor into a bunch of Furs or Hides and then "lose out" in the selling. That's the important part, an extra 10 per cent for money obtained through good salesmanship, means increased profits to you. You are entitled to the highest price, and a square deal, we will give you both. We charge NO COMMISSION and make prompt returns. Send for price-list and a shipping tags. These are free. Extract of medicinal roots TANNED. Coats and robes made to order from your own hides. SEND FOR CATALOG. LINCOLN HIDE & FUR CO., 1012 Q St., LINCOLN, NEB.